

# Hyperventilating

## Abstract

17 with a pen and a pad, writing out my life making sense of my past  
Tryna find the light through a sensitive mask  
I don't take it off till I'm deep in a track  
Speaking to myself just reflecting off of the page  
Who knew the passive kid was just good at passing the rage  
Off into a song so it couldn't live in the cage  
That sat upon his shoulders just hiding behind his face  
Back when it was simple, before it was a job, before the expectations, before I knew the odds  
Back when it was just a broken heart I had to fix  
Now I'm scared that I've been broken since I made a couple hits  
Fans want me to fly but they keep me on a leash  
Fears of losing me to a level that they can't reach  
This the life I chose and they tell me that I'm a beast  
But all I wanted was the beauty, all I'm searching for is peace

Can someone help me catch my breathe  
My heart is beating out my chest, hyperventilating  
I thought I was waiting, on someone to save me  
But I'm finding lately, all I can count on to not drive me crazy  
Is being right here for the person who needs me  
But holding myself up it ain't been to easy

They give me pain then I elevate  
Replicate the feeling When I meditate  
Can't find my state of mind  
When I'm out of state  
If I take a break  
I'ma break  
Overthink  
When I don't wanna think  
Wash my thoughts  
I don't wanna sink in them  
Pointing out my fears  
Like what you think of them  
Counting out the years  
Like What you leave in them  
Dropping every classic  
How you sleep on him  
How you sleep on him  
Lately I've been keeping a secret  
Of always feeling defeated  
Feelin the Blisters on my feet I see  
Y'all kicking your feet up  
Don't call me to kick it  
I'm on a track  
I don't mean a meet up  
If you ain't working  
You're working to keep up  
Can't see me  
I'll Sia, (Aye!)  
Out of breath  
I've been a mess  
Too many choices  
Been a guess  
Overworking cause  
I know the waters coming

For the neck  
Doing more  
And feeling less  
Is that a recipe  
I'll test  
Looking out the window  
Got a question for the blessed

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Truth be told, I've been awake  
I went from starving to having the competition on my dinner plate  
And I don't say that to intimidate  
I just want these gimmicky rappers to step aside so I can innovate  
I built my whole studio inside my living space  
So I'm right at home with the lyricism I illustrate  
I give people their flowers while they can smell 'em  
And not a minute late cuz then they start to disintegrate  
Rose pedals, and falsettos  
They never really make it to these dark ghetto's  
So Air Jordan's, and Margiela's, in Dark yellow  
Will shield me from the rain when the storm settles. Damn  
It ain't been easy, but I'm fine with that  
I put my heart into this music, it's forever where you'll find me at  
I'm in the future looking back at this rap like an artifact  
Tryna remember just where I started at